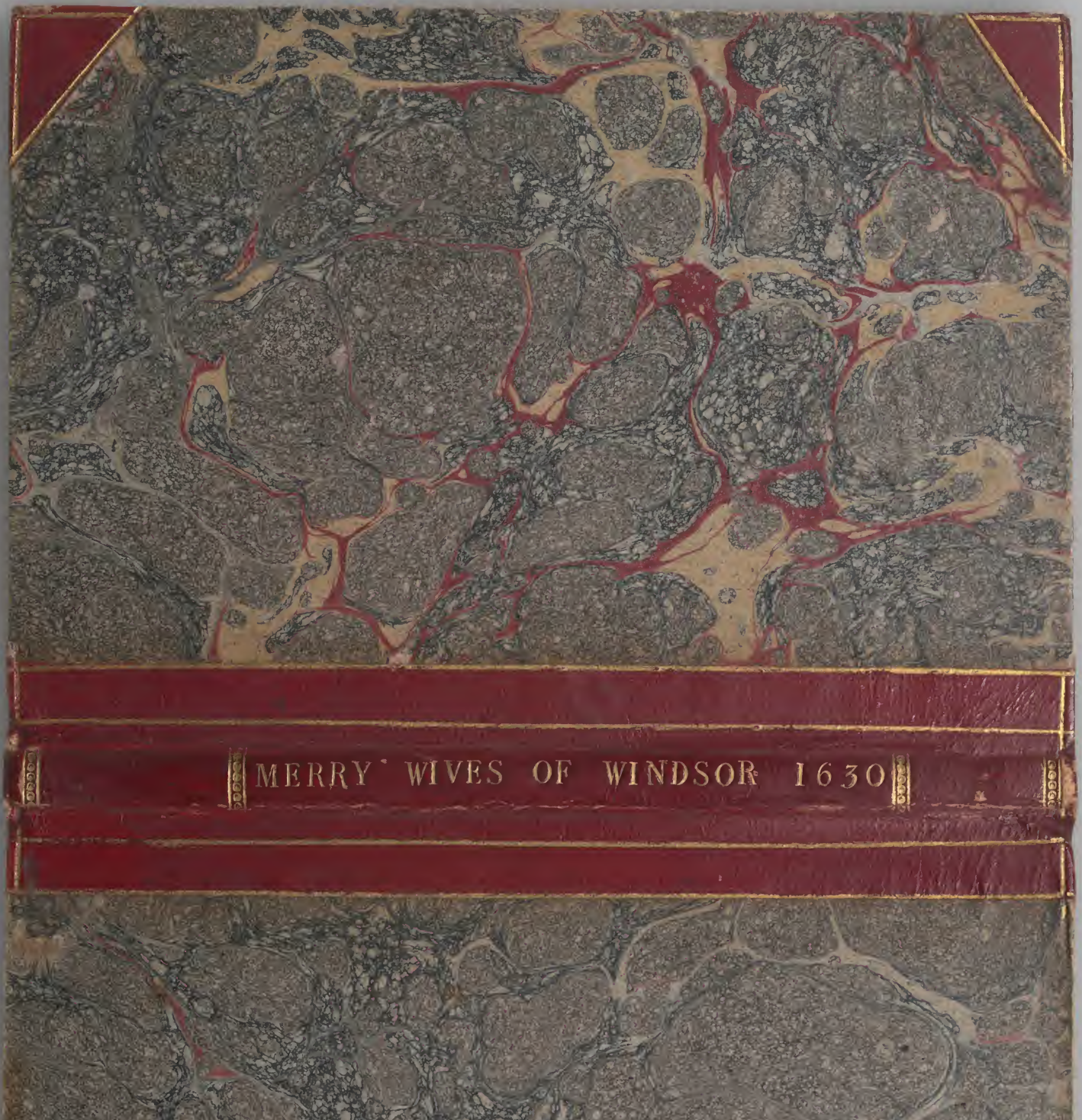

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

JA 3724

Thos. Jolley Esqr. F.S.A.

Perfect.

[illegible]
1812

This was the Roxburghe copy.

This little volume is to be kept so long as I have a memorial of my dear old friend T. J. Pettigrew who gave me a MS. which after reading I did not care to keep, & bought this for the same money of course looking upon it as his present.

J. O. H.

This ed. is very much rarer than the previous one of 1619. For ten copies of ed. 1619 not more than one of ed. 1630 can be found.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3724) Octavo

THE MERRY VVIVES OF WINDSOR.

With the humours of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*,
As alſo the ſwaggering vaine of Ancient
Piſtoll, and Corporall *Nym*.

Written by *William Shake-Speare*.

Newly corrected.

George Stevens.

LONDON:
Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Meighen*, and are to be ſold
at his Shop, next to the Middle-Temple Gate, and in
S. Dunſtans Church-yard in *Fleet-ſtreet*,
1630.

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THE MERRY VVIVES OF VVINSOR.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Maſter Page, Falſtoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtoll, Anne Page, Miſtreſſe Ford, Miſtreſſe Page, Simple.

Shallow.

Sir *Hugh*, perſwade mee not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if he were twenty Sir *Iohn Falſtoffe*, hee ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow* Eſquire:

Slen. In the County of *Gloceſter*, Iuſtice of Peace and Coram.

Shal. I (Coſen *Slender*) and *Cuſt-alorum.*

Slen. I, and *Rotulorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Maſter Parſon) who writes himſelfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time theſe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

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Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowſes doe become an olde Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: *It* is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

Shal. The Luſe is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. *It* is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: if hee ha's a quarter of your coate, there is but three Shirts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

Shal. The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. *Miſtris Anne Page?* ſhee has browne haire, and ſpeakes ſmall like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry perſon for all the world, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Moneies, and Gold, & Siluer, is her Grand-ſire vpon his deaths-bed (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue, when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leaue her ſeauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, ſhe has good gifts.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, & poſſibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs ſee honeſt Maſter *Page* is *Falſtaffe* there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a lyer, as I doe deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Maſter *Page*. What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere.

Maſter Page. Who's there?

Euen. Here is go't's pleſſing and your friend, and Iuſtice *Shallow*, & heere young Maſter *Slender*: that peraduentures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Maſter Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thanke you for my Veniſon Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good doe it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better, it was ill killed: how doth good Miſtreſſe *Page*? and I thanke you alwaies with my heart, la; with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your ſallow Greyhound, Sir, *I* heard ſay he was out-run on *Cotſall*.

M. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir,

Slen. You'll not confeſſe: you'll not confeſſe.

Shal. That hee will not, 'tis your fault: 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more ſaid? he is good and faire. *Is* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and *I* would *I* could doe a good office betweene you.

Euan. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me Maſter *Page*.)

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

Shal. If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo (M. *Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith hee is wronged.

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Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's my humor:

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) and there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Ma.Pa. We three to heare it, and end it between them:

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a prieſe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? hee heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

Slen.

Slen. I, by theſe gloues did he, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeauen groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

Euan. No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of deniall; froth, and ſcum thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, hee in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

Eu. It is, his fiue ſences: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheerd: and ſo concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile bee drunke with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Ma.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*!

Maſter Page. How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. Miſtris Ford, by my troth you are very well met: by your leaue good Miſtris.

Maſter

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Maſter Page. Wife bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Veniſon paſty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drinke downe all vnkindneſſe.

Slen. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I muſt wait on my ſelfe, muſt I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Alhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, wee ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderſtand me?

Slen. I Sir, you ſhall finde me reaſonable, if it be ſo, I ſhall doe that that it reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but vnderſtand me:

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (*Maſter Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* ſaies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuſtice of Peace in his Countrie, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Euan. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Miſt. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why if it be ſo; I will marry her vpon any reaſonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'o man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maide?

Shal. Coſen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope ſir, I will doe as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

Euan. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeake poſſitable,

poſſitable, if you can carry-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt.
Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your requeſt (Coſen) in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay conceiue mee, conceiue mee, (ſweet Coz): what I doe is to pleaſure you (Coz) can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your requeſt; but if there be no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreaſe it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occaſion to know one another; I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content; but if you ſay mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely diſſolued, and diſſolutely.

Euan. It is a fery diſcretion-anſwere; ſaue the fall is in the 'ord, diſſolutely; the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I, I thinke my Coſen meant well.

Slen. I or elſe I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Miſtris *Anne*; would I were yong for your ſake, Miſtris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father deſires your worſhips company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Miſtris *Anne*.

Euan. Od's pleſſed-will; I will not be abſence at the grace

An. Wil't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thanke you forſooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forſooth; goe Sirha, for all you are my man, goe waite vpon my Coſen *Shallow*; a Iuſtice of peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I liue like a a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worſhip; they will not ſit till you come.

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Slen. I'faith, ile eate nothing, I thanke you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you Sir walke in.

Slen. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*, you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Slen. That's meate and drinke to me now; I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine, but (I warrant you) the women haue ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt. But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma.Pa. Come on Sir.

Slen. Miſtris *Anne*: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Slen. Truely I will not goe firſt, truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Slen. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome, you do your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Euan. Go your wayes, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which is the way; and there dwels one Miſtris *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

Euan. Nay, it is petter yet; giue her this letter; for t is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with Miſtris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne Page*. I pray you bee gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt:*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Piſtoll, Page.

Fal. Mine *Hoſt* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpeake ſchollerly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truely mine *Hoſt*; I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (bully *Hercules*) caſheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Ceſar*, *Keiſer* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*; he ſhall draw; he ſhall tap; ſaid I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.)

Ho. I haue ſpoke, let him follow, let me ſee thee froth, and liue: *I* am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him; a *Tapſter* is a good trade, an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin, a wither'd Seruingman, a freſh Tapſter; goe, adew.

Ba. *It* is a life that *I* haue deſir'd, *I* will thriue.

Piſt. O baſe hungarian wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Ni. He was gotten in drinke, is not the humor conceited?

Fal. *I* am glad *I* am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox, his Thefts were too open, his filching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

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Nim. The'good humor is to ſteale at a minuntes reſt.

Piſt. Conuay: the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift,

Piſt. Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Piſt. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, *I* will tell you what *I* am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and moſe.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll*; (*I*ndeede *I* am in the waſt two yards about; but *I* am now about no waſte: *I* am about thrift) briefely; *I* doe meane to make loue to *Ford*s wife; *I* ſpie entertainment in her, ſhee diſcourſes, ſhee craues, ſhe giues the leere of inuitation; *I* can conſtrue the action of her familier ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is *I am Sir Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe; will that humor paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe; he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many diuels entertaine; and to her Boy ſay *I*.

Ni The humor riſes: it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. *I* haue writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue me good eyes too; examined my parts with moſt iudicious illiads; ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. *I* thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch mee vp like a burning-glaſſe; here's another letter to her; She beares the Purſe too; Shee is a Region in *Guiana*; all gold, and bountie; *I* will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee; they ſhall

ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt *I*ndies, and *I* will trade to them both; Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Page*; and thou this to Miſtris *Ford*; wee will thriue (Lads) wee will thriue.

Piſt. Shall *I* Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. *I* will run no baſe humor; here take the humor-Letter; *I* will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you theſe Letters rightly,
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vaniſh like haile-ſtones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hooſe: ſeeke ſhelter, packe,
Falſtaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and skirted *Page*.

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd, and Fullam holds, and high and low beguiles the rich and poore,
Teſter ile haue in pouch when thou ſhalt lacke,
Baſe *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. *I* haue opperations.
Which be humors of reuenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Piſt. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, *I*;
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

Piſt. And *I* to *Page* ſhall eke vnfold
How *Falſtaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Ni. My humor ſhall not coole; *I* will incenſe *Ford*, to deale with poyſon; *I* will poſſeſſe him with yallowneſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous; that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*; *I* ſecond thee; troope on.

Exeunt.

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Scœna Quarta

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* coming; if he do (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe; here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honeſt, willing, kinde fellow, as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall: & I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breedebate: his worſt fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender's* your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qui. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers paring-knife?

Si. No forſooth, he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard, a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth, but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head; hee hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you; oh, I ſhould remember him, do's hee not hold vp his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qui. Well, heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune; Tell Maſter Parſon, *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter; *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh——

Ru. Out alas, here comes my Maſter.

Qu. Wee ſhall all be ſhent; Run in here, good young man;

man, goe into this Cloſſet: hee will not ſtay long? what *John Rugby? John*; what *John* I ſay? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Maſter, I doubt hee be not well, that hee comes not home, (*and downe, downe, downe a, &c.*

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des-toyes, pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloſſt, vnboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box; do intend vat I ſpeake? greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forſooth ile fetch it you: I am glad hee went not in himſelfe: if hee had found the yong man he would haue beene horne-mad.

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for chando, le man voi a le Court la grand affaires.

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly: Vere is dat knaue *Rugby?*

Qu. What *Iohn Rugby, Iohn?*

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugby*; Come, take your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot, I tarry too long, od's-me: *que ay ie oublie* dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, and be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Cloſſet? Villaine, La-roone; *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſſet, here is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmaticke; heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parſon *Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth: to deſire her to——

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

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Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: ſpeake-a-your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, ballow me ſome paper: tarry you a littell-a while.

Qu. I am glad hee is ſo quiet: if hee had bin throughly moued, you ſhould haue heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly; but notwithſtanding man, Ile doe yoe your Maſter what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is that French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you, for I keepe his houſe; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcowre, dreſſe meate and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my ſelfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a uis'do' that? you ſhall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and downe late; but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would haue no words of it) my Maſter himſelfe is in loue with Miſtris *Anne Page*; but notwithſtanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Iack 'Nape; giue-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcuruy Iack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make:——you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not haue a ſtone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas, he ſpeakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a-ver dat; do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall haue *Anne Page* for my ſelfe? by gar, I vill kill de Iacke Prieſt; and I haue appointed mine Hoſt of de Iarteer to meaſure our weapon, by gar, I will my ſelfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all ſhall bee well; Wee muſt giue folkes leaue to prate; what the good-ier.

Caius.

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if *I* haue not *Anne Page*, *I* ſhall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You ſhall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne; No, *I* know *Ans* mind for that; neuer a woman in *W. d/ r* knowes more of *Ans* minde then *I* doe, nor can doe more then *I* doe with her, *I* thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's within there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, *I* troa? Come neere the houſe *I* pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doſt thou?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Miſtris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhee is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heauen for it.

Fen. Shall *I* doe any good thinkſt thou? ſhall *I* not looſe my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue; but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) Ile be ſworne on a booke ſhee loues you; haue not your Worſhip a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I ſhall neuer laugh but in that maids company, but (indeed) ſhee is giuen too much to Allicholy and muſing; but for you—— well—goe too——

Fen. Well, I ſhall ſee her to day; hold, there's money for thee. Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me.——

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will; And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worſhip; truely an honeſt

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Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not, for *I* know *Anne* minde as well as another do's, out vpon't, what haue *I* forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Maſter Page, Maſter Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Mi. Page. What, haue *I* ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am *I* now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee.

Aske me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his preciſian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not young, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo doe I: would you deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay, pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight, *IohnFalſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world. One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To ſhow himſelfe a young Gallant? What an vnwaied Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuerſation, that hee dares In this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company, what ſhould *I* ſay to him? *I* was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee,) why ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men, how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I was going to you: you looke very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, ile nere beleeue that; I haue to ſhew to the contrary.

Miſ. Page 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Miſ. Fords Well: I doe then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary; O Miſtris *Page*, giue mee ſome counſaile.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miſ. Ford. O woman; if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Miſ Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour; what is it? diſpence with trifles; what is it?

Miſ Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or ſo; I could be knighted.

Miſ. Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? theſe Knights will hacke, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Miſ Ford. Wee burne day-light; heere, read, read; perceiue how I might be knighted, I ſhall thinke the worſe of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking; and yet hee would not ſweare: praiſe womens modeſty; and gaue ſuch orderly and welbehaued reproofe to all vncomelineſſe, that I would haue ſworn his diſpoſition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keepe place together, then the hundred Pſalmes to the tune of Greene-ſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale, (with ſo many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'ſhoare at Windſor? How ſhall I be reuenged on him? I thinke the beſt way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt haue melted him in his owne greaſe. Did you euer heare the like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs; to thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, heer's the twyn-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine neuer ſhall: I warrant hee hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ

 with

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with blancke-ſpace for different names (ſure more) & theſe are of the ſecond edition; he wil print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſſe, when he would put vs two; I had rather be a Gianteſſe & lye vnder Mount *Pelion*. Well; I will finde you twentie laſciuious Turtles ere one chaſte man.

Miſ.Ford. Why this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words, what doth he thinke of vs?

Miſ.Page. Nay I know not; it makes me almoſt readie to wrangle with mine owne honeſty; Ile entertaine my ſelfe like one that I am not acquainted withall, for ſure vnleſſe hee know ſome ſtraine in mee, that I know not my ſelfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie.

Miſ.Ford. Boording, call you it? *Ile* be ſure to keepe him aboue decke.

Miſ.Page. So will *I*, if hee come vnder my hatches, *Ile* neuer to Sea againe. Let's be reueng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, giue him a ſhow of comfort in his Suite, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Miſ.Ford. Nay, *I* will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſſe of our honeſty; oh that my husband ſaw this Letter; it would giue eternall food to his iealouſie.

Miſ.Page. Why looke where he comes; and my good man too; hee's as farre from iealouſie, as I am from giuing him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ.Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ.Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight; Come hither.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affaires;
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why ſir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poore, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-

Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Piſtoll. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Piſt. The horne I ſay: Farewell.
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere ſommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds doe ſing.
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*.
Beleeue it (*Page*) he ſpeakes ſence.

Ford. I will be patient; I will finde out this.

Nim. And this is true; I like not the humor of lying, hee haue wronged mee in ſome humors; I ſhould haue borne the humour'd Letter to her, but I haue a ſword, and it ſhall bite vpon my neceſſitie, he loues your wife; There's the ſhort and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*, I ſpeak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*, and *Falſtoffe* loues your wife, adieu, I loue not the humour of bread & cheeſe: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights Engliſh out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeeke out *Falſtaffe*.

Page. I neuer heard ſuch a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue ſuch a *Cataian*, though the Prieſt o'th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow, well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Miſ.Page. Whither goe you (*George*?) harke you.

Miſ.Ford. How now (ſweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home, goe.

Miſ.Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crochets in thy head,
Now, will you goe, *Miſtris Page*?

Miſ.Page. Haue with you, you'll come to dinner *George*?
Looke who comes yonder; ſhee ſhall bee our Meſſenger

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to this paltrie Knight:

Miſ. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her; ſhee'll fit it.

M. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Qui. I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne?*

Miſ. Page. Go in with vs and ſee, wee haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em ſlaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his diſcarded men, very rogues, now they be out of ſeruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him, and what hee gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turne them together, a man may bee too confident, I would haue nothing lye on my head, I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when hee lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke, thou'rt a Gentleman, Caueleiro Iuſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow, Good-euen, and twenty (good Maſter *Page.*) Maſter *Page*, will you go with vs? we haue ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him Caueleiro-Iuſtice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Huge* the Welch Prieſt, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th' Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and (I thinke) appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue me) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-Caualeire?

Ford. None, I proteſt, but ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*, onely for a ieſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully,) thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broome.* It is a merry Knight, will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut Sir, I could haue told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page,*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere, I haue ſeene the time, with my long-ſword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, heere, ſhall we wag?

Page. Haue with you, I had rather heare them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wiues frailty: yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily, ſhe was in his company at *Pages* houſe, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I haue a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*, if I finde her honeſt, I looſe not my labour, if ſhee be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. *Exeunt.*

Scena

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Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny, I haue beene content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne; I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*, or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you roague, reaſon; thinkſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*; goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you ſtand vpon your honour: why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honour preciſe; I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge; and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraſes, & your boldbeating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Piſt. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo, and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good, maid then.

Qui. Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the ſwearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-ſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (faire woman) and Ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies; I my ſelfe dwell with Maſter Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on; Miſtris *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſaies very true; I pray your worſhip come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares; mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heauen-bleſſe them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord your Worſhip's a wanton: well, heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray ——

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*, come, Miſtreſſe *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it; you haue brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull; the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muske, and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilke and golde, and in ſuch alligant tearmes, and in ſuch wine and ſuger of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my ſelfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels in

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any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all, and yet there has beene Earles; nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſaies ſhee to mee? bee briefe my good ſhee-*Mercurie*.

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiu'd your Letter; for the which ſhe thankes you a thouſand times; and ſhee giues you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of; Maſter *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; hee's a very iealouſie-man; ſhee leades a vere framepold life with him, (good heart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.
Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you ſay well: But I haue another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſſe *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to; and let me tell you in your eare, ſhee's as fartuous a ciuill modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſſe you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who ere be the other: and ſhee bade mee tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldome from home, but ſhee hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman ſo doate vpon a man; ſurely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Bleſſing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a ieſt indeed: they haue not ſo little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Miſtis *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little *Page* of all loues; her husband has a maruellous infection to the little Page;

and

and truely Maſter *Page* is an honeſt man; neuer a wife in *Windſor* leades a better life then ſhe do's; do what ſhee will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when ſhee liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and truly ſhe deſerues it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windſor*, ſhee is one; you muſt ſend her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but doe ſo then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both; and in any caſe haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer heede to vnderſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickednes; old folkes you know, haue diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both, there's my purſe, I am yet thy debter; Boy, goe along with this woman. this newes diſtracts me.

Piſt. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap ho more ſailes, purſue-vp with your fights:
Giue fire; ſhe is my prize, or Ocean whelme all.

Fal. Saiſt thou ſo (old *Iacke*) goe thy waies Ile make more of thy old body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee; let them ſay 'tis groſſely done, ſo it bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Maſter *Broome* below would faine ſpeake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: ſuch *Broomes* are welcome to me, that that ore'flowes ſuch liquor; ah ha, Miſtreſſe *Ford* and Miſtreſſe *Page*, haue I encompaſs'd you? goe to, *via*.

Ford. Bleſſe you ſir.

Fal. And you ſir; would you ſpeake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſſe, with ſo little preparation vpon you.

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Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, *I* am a Gentleman that haue ſpent much, my name is *Broome.*

Fal. Good Maſter *Broome*, *I* deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn*, *I* ſue for yours; not to charge you, for *I* muſt let you vnderſtand, *I* thinke my ſelfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are; the which hath ſomething emboldned mee to this vnſeaſon'd intruſion: for they ſay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and *I* haue a bag of money heere troubles me; if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how *I* may deſerue to bee your Porter.

Ford. *I* will tell you Sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Maſter *Broome*) *I* ſhall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, *I* heare you are a Scholler; (*I* will be briefe with you) and you haue beene a man long knowne to me, though *I* had neuer ſo good meanes as deſire, to make my ſelfe acquainted with you. *I* ſhall diſcouer a thing to you, wherein *I* muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Regiſter of your owne, that *I* may paſſe with a reproofe the eaſier, ſith you your ſelfe know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. *I* haue long lou'd her, and *I* proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her; followed her with a doating ob-

ſeruance; ingroſs'd opportunities to meete her, fee'd euery ſlight occaſion that could but nigardly giue mee ſight of her, not onely bought many preſents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what ſhe would haue giuen briefly, *I* haue purſu'd her, as Loue hath purſud mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occaſions; but whatſoeuer *I* haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede *I* am ſure *I* haue receiued none, vnleſſe Experience be a Iewell, that *I* haue purchaſed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to ſay this.

"Loue like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Loue purſues,
"Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a faire houſe, built on another mans ground, ſo that *I* haue loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe haue you vnfolded this to me?

Ford. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some ſay, that though ſhee appeare honeſt to mee, yet in other places ſhee enlargeth hir mirth ſo farre, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpoſe: you are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more; ſpend all I haue, onely giue me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Fords* wife: vſe your Art of

wooing

wooing; win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, vnderſtand my driſt; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattaild againſt me; what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your mony, next, giue me your hand; and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords wife*.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment, euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me; I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen, for at that time the iealious-raſcally-knaue her husband will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance; do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore; They ſay the iealous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauourd: I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe-him with my cudgell: it ſhall

ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ouer the peazant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtile: thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who ſaies this is improuident iealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made; would any man haue thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a faire woman: my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* ſounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, well; yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe; hee will truſt his wife, hee will not bee iealous; I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Perſon *Hugh* the *Welſhman* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee rumiuates, then ſhee deuiſes; and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealouſie: eleuen o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, beter three houres too ſoone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt.

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rugby.

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Ru. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack.*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſaue his ſoule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat hee is no-come, by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug Hee is wiſe Sir; hee knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him, take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare, heer's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Maſter Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now good Maſter Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy puncto, thy ſtocke, thy reuerſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is hee dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha Bully? what ſaies my *Eſculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Prieſt of de vorld: he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion-king Vrinall; *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witneſſe, that mee haue ſtay, ſixe or ſeuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (Maſter Doctor) he is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions: is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*; you haue your ſelfe beene a great fighter,

great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; though wee are Iuſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men (Maſter *Page*) wee haue ſome ſalt of our youth in vs, we are the ſons of women (Maſter *Page.*)

Page 'Tis true, Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. It will be found ſo, (M. *Page*) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home, I am ſworn of the peace, you haue ſhow'd your ſelfe a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhowne himſelfe a wiſe and patient Churchman; you muſt goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Iuſtice; a Mounſeur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de Engliſhman; ſcurvy-lack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, mee vill his eares.

Hoſt. He will Clapper claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By gar, me doe looke he ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hoſt. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreouer, (Bully) but firſt, Maſter Ghueſt, and M. *Page*, and eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore.*

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humor hee is in; and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields; will it doe well?

Shal. Wee will doe it.

All. Adieu, good Maſter Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a lack-an-Ape to *Anne Page.*

Hoſt. Let him die; ſheath thy impatience, throw cold

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water on thy Choller;goe about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, *I* will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is,at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting; and thou ſhalt wooe her, Cride-game,ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar,me danck you vor dat;by gar *I* loue you,and *I* ſhall procure'a you de good Gueſt;de Earle,de Knight,de Lords,de Gentlemen,my patients.

Hoſt For the which,*I* will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*,ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good, vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles,*Iack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. *I* pray you now,good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruingman and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Simp. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward, euery way, olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. *I* moſt fehemently deſire you,you will looke that way.

Simp. *I* will ſir.

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors *I* am and trempling of minde; *I* ſhall be glad if hee haue deceiued me: how melancholies *I* am? *I* will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard,when *I* haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule. *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls; melodious Birds ſing Madrigalls: There will wee make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow*: 'Mercie on mee, *I* haue a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls:—— When as I ſat in Pabilon:*

bilon: and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow,&c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers,in whoſe fals*: Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter, Maſter *Shallow*,and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the ſtile,this way.

Euan. Pray you giue me my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*, keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Sien. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. Saue you,good Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. Pleaſſe you from his mercy-ſake,all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword,and the Word? Doe you ſtudy them both Maſter Parſon?

Page. And youthfull ſtill,in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons,and cauſes for it?

Page. Wee are come to you,to doe a good office, Maſter Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well, what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong. by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

Shal. *I* haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres,and vpward; *I* neuer heard a man of his place,grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. *I* thinke you know him; Maſter Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſician.

Euan. Got's.will, and his paſſion of my heart, *I* had as liefe you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Euan. Hee has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knaue, as

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you would deſires to acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons; keepe them a ſunder, here comes Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Nay good Maſter Parſon, keepe your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Maſter Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion; let them keepe their limbs whole, and hacke our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. I Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward: de Iacke dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors; I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable; Iack Rugby: mine *Hoſt de Iarteer*; haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Chriſtians ſoule, now looke you; this is the place appointed, ile be iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter.*

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* and *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; heare mine Hoſt of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I ſubtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, he giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my *Sir Hugh*? No, hee giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celeſtiall) ſo; Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both; I haue directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iſſue; Come, lay their ſwords to pawne; Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de. ſot of vs, ha, ha?

Euan. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be friends; and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this ſame ſcall ſcuruy-cogging-companion the Hoſt of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart; he promiſe to bring mee where is *Anne Page*, by gar he deceiue me too.

Euan. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you follow.

Scæna Secunda.

Miſt. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Euans, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower; but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forſooth) goe before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

Miſ. Page. O you are a flattering boy, now I ſee you'l be a

Ford. Well met miſtris *Page*, whether go you.

Miſ. Page. Truly Sir, to ſee your wife, is ſhe at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of companie; I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Miſ. Page. Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

Miſt. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what doe you cal your Knights name *Rob.* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.* (ſirrah?

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falſtafe.*

M. P. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is ſuch a league between my goodman, and he; is your Wife at home indeed.

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Ford. Indeed she is.

Mis. Page. By your leaue sir, I am sicke till I see her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, hee hath no vse of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twenty mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces out his wiues inclination, hee giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so seeming Mistris *Page*, diuulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde *Falstaffe*: I shall be rather praisd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Master *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Master *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Mistris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then ile speake of.

Shal. We haue lingerd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall haue our answer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Page. You haue Master *Slender*, I stand wholly for you,
But my wife (Master Doctor) is for you altogether.

Caius. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a me: my nurse-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, he speakes holliday,

holliday, he smels April and May, he will carry't, hee will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, he kept companie with the wilde Prince, & *Poinz*: hee is of too high a R gion, hee knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance; if he takes her, let him take her simply; the wealth I haue waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner; besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster; Master Doctor, you shall goe, so shall your Master *Page* and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We shall haue the freer woing at Master *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farwell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Master Ford, Master Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaffe. Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.

Mis. Ford What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

M. Page. Quickly quickly; Is the Buck-basket——

Mis. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

Mis. Page. Come, come, come.

Mi. Ford. Heere, set it downe.

M. Page. Giue your men the charge, wee must be briefe, be ready here hard-by in the Brew house, and when I sodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders; that done trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whit-

sters

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ſters in *Datchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Miſ. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no Begone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin*. (with you?

Miſ Ford. How now my Eyas Musket, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at the backe doore (Miſt. *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Miſ Page. You little Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs.

Rob. I, ile be ſworne; my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put mee into euerla-ſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſ. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Miſ. Ford. Do ſo, go tell thy Maſter, I am alone; Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Miſ. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſ. Ford Go too then; we'l vſe this vnwholſome humi-dity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough; This is the period of ambition; O this bleſſed houre.

Miſ. Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Maſter *Ford*) now ſhall I ſinne in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſ. Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould be a pitti-full Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew mee ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond; Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſtris

Miſt. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*.
My browes become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Noture thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſt. Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee: Ther's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a-manie of theſe liſping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deſeru'ſt it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me ſir, I feare you loue M. *Page*.

Fal. Thou mightſt as well ſay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is a hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Miſ. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deſerue it.

Miſt. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe;
Or elſe I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, heere's Miſtris *Page* at the doore, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce mee behinde the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt. Pag. O miſtris *Ford* what haue you done?
You'r ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtris *Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, miſt. *Ford*, hauing and honeſt man to your husband, to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

M. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

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Miſ.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am *I* miſtooke in you?

Miſ.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

Miſ.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that hee ſayes is heere now in the houſe, by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence, you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not, ſo, *I* hope.

Miſt.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, *I* come before to tell you, if you know your ſelfe cleere, why *I* am glad of it, but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall *I* doe? There is a Gentleman my deere friend; and *I* feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. *I* had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather, you had rather) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if hee be of any reaſonable ſtature, hee may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking; Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there, what ſhall *I* doe?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
Ile in, ile in, follow your friends counſell, ile in.

Miſt.Page. What Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe?* Are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer——

M.Page. Helpe to couer your Maſter (Boy:) Call your men (Miſt. *Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

M.Ford. What *Iohn Rugby, Iohn*; Goe, take vp theſe cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Looke how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in Datchet meade: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come neere; if *I* ſuſpect without cauſe,
Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your ieſt,
I deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

Miſ.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Bucke? *I* would *I* could waſh my ſelfe of the Buck: Bucke, bucke, bucke, *I* bucke; *I* warrant you Bucke,
And of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appeare.
Gentlemen, *I* haue dream'd to night, ile tell you my dreame, heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, finde out: ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let mee ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now vncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentlemen,
You ſhall ſee ſport anon:
Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantaſticall humors and icalouſies.

Caius By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France:
It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

Miſ.Page. *I*s there not a double excellency in this?

Miſ.Ford. *I* know not which pleaſes me better,
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ.Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband aſkt who was in the basket?

Miſ.Ford. *I* am halfe affraid hee will haue neede of waſhing, ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſ.Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: *I* would all of the ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

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Miſt.Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now.

Miſt.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*; his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

Miſ.Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſhion Carion, Miſtris *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſ.Page. Wee will doe it; let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him; may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ.Page. Heard you that?

Miſ.Ford. You vſe me well, M. *Ford*? Doe you?

Ford. I, I doe ſo.

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts

Ford. Amen.

Miſ.Page. You doe your ſelfe mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I; I muſt beare it.

Euan. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes; heauen forgiue my ſinnes at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be-gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windſor caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner, come, come, walke in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Miſt. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mocke him;

him; I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakefaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

Ford. Any thing.

Euan. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Companie.

Cai. If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you goe, M. *Page.*

Euans. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Euan. A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt:*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſt. Page.

Fen. I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tels you true.

Fen. No, heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come;
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne:*)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtamps in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed baggest
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I ayme at.

Anne. Gentle M. *Fenton.*

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Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.
Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.
Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.
Shal. Be not diſmaid.
Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.
Qui. Hark ye, Maſter *Slender* would ſpeake a word with you
Anne. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice.
O what a world of vilde- ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeare?
Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.
Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father,
Slen. I had a father (Miſtris *Anne*) my vncle can tel you good ieſts of him; pray you Vncle, tel Miſtris *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vncle.
Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.
Slen. I that I doe, as well as I loue any woman in Gloceſterſhire.
Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.
Shal. Hee will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.
Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow* let him woe for himſelfe.
Shal. Marry I thanke you for it, I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) ile leaue you.
Anne. Now Maſter *Slender*.
Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne*.
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

Anne. I meane e (M. *Slender*) what would you with me?
Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and vncle hath made motions if it be my lucke, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things goe, better then I can: you may, your father, heere he comes.
Page. Now Maſter *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What does Maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe.
I told you Sir, my daughter is diſpoſd of.
Fen. Nay Maſter *Page*, be not impatient.
Miſt. Page. Good Maſter *Fenton*. come not to my child,
Page. She is no match for you.
Fen. Sir, will you heare me?
Page. No, good Maſter *Fenton*.
Come M. *Shallow*: Come ſonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)
Qui. Speake to Miſtris *Page*.
Fen. Good Miſtris *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.
Miſt. Page. I meane it not, I ſeeke you a better huſband.
Qu. That's my maſter, Maſter Doctor.
Anne. Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.
Miſt. Page. Come, trouble not your ſelfe good Maſter *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loues you,
And as I finde her, ſo am I affected;
Till then, farewell Sir, ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtris; farewell *Nan*.
Qu. This is my doing now; Nay, ſaide I, will you caſt away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyſitian:

Looke

Looke on Maſter *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giue my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qu. Now heauen ſend thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maſter had Miſtris *Anne*, or I would Maſter *Slender* had her: or (in ſooth) I would Maſter *Fenton* had her; I will doe what I can for them all three, for ſo *I* haue promiſed, and ile be as good as my word; but ſpeciouſly for Maſter *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from my two Miſtreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlacke it. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe I* ſay.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toſt in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be ſeru'd ſuch another tricke, ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giuen them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues ſlighted mee into the Riuer with as little remorſe, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my ſize, that *I* haue a kinde of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, *I* ſhould downe. *I* had beene drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſheluy and ſhallow; a death that *I* abhorre: for the water ſwelles a man; and what a thing ſhould *I* haue beene, when *I* had beene ſwel'd? *I* ſhould haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to ſpeake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in ſome Sacke to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if *I* had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leaue; I cry you mercy?
Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe Challices;
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelfe; Ile no Pullet-Sperſme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, *I* come to your worſhip from M. *Ford.*

Fal. *Miſ. Ford?* *I* haue had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault; ſhe do's ſo take on with her men; they miſtooke their erection. (promiſe.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a fooliſh Womans

Qui. Well, ſhe laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it; her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine; I muſt carry her word quickely, ſhe'll make you amends *I* warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her, tell her ſo; and bidde her thinke what a man is; Let her conſider his frailety, and then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Betweene nine and ten ſaiſt thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miſſe her.

Qu. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Maſter *Broome*; he ſent me word to ſtay within; I like his money well:
Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Bleſſe you Sir.

Fal. Now M. *Broome*, you come to know
What hath paſt betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my buſineſſe.

Fal. M. *Broome I* will not lye to you,

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I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And ſped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome.*

Ford. How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her huſband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continnall larum of ielouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after wee had embraſt, kiſt, proteſted, and (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſearch his houſe for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While *I* was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Miſt. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues diſtraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes; a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts, and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaſie Napkins, that (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that euer offended noſtrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what *I* haue ſuffered, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Miſtris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet lane*; they tooke mee on their ſhoulders met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore; who asked them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare leſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (ordaining hee ſhould bee a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for

a ſearch and away went I for foule Cloathes; But marke the ſequell (Maſter *Broome*) I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeuerall deaths: Firſt, an intollerable fright, to bee detected with a iealious rotten Bell-weather; Next to bee compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt, to point, heele to head. And then to bee ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with ſtinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greaſe thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as ſubiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall diſſolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe ſtew'd in greaſe (like a Dutch-diſh) to bee throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that ſerge like a Horſe-ſhoo; thinke of that; hiſſing hot: thinke of that (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you haue ſufferd all this.
My ſuite then is deſperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*: I will bee throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding, I haue receiued from her another ambaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir,

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſſe mee to my appointment; Come to mee at your conuenient leaſure, and you ſhall know how *I* ſpeede: and the concluſion ſhall bee crowned with your enioying her: adiew; you ſhall haue her (Maſter *Broome*) Maſter *Broome*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford.*

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a viſion? Is this a dreame? doe I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*; ther's

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ther's a hole made in your beſt coate (Maſter *Ford*:) this 'tis to bee marryed; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my ſelfe what I am; I will now take the Leacher; hee is at my houſe; hee cannot ſcape mee; 'tis impoſſible hee ſhould: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purſe, not into a Pepper-Boxe. But leſt the Diuell that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to bee what I would not, ſhall not make me tame; If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with mee, ile bee horne-mad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page. Quickly, William, Euens:

Miſ Page. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'ſt thou?

Qui. Sure hee is by this; or will bee preſently; but truely hee is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtris *Ford* deſires you to come ſodainely.

Miſ. Page. Ile be with her by and by; ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole; looke where his Maſter comes; 'tis a playing day, I ſee: how now *Sir Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Euans. No, Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſ. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſaies my ſonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke; I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Euans. Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

Miſ. Page. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

Euans. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, becauſe they ſay od's-Nownes.

Euan. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. Pulcher.

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcat, ſure.

Euans. You are a very ſimplicity o'man; I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Euan. And what is a Stone (*William*?)

Will. A Peeble.

Euan. No; it is *Lapis*; I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. Lapis.

Euans. That is a good *William*; what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles:

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined: *Singulariter nominatiuo hic hæc, hoc.*

Euan. Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog; pray you marke; *genitiue huius*; Well: what is your *Accuſatiue-caſe*?

Will. Accuſatiue hinc.

Euan. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accuſatiue hing, hang, hog.*

Qui. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Euan. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the *Focatiue caſe* (*William*?)

Will. O, Vocatiue, O.

Euan. Remember *William*, *Focatine* is caret.

Qui. And that's a good roote.

Euan. O'man, forbare.

Miſ. Page. Peace.

Euan. What is your *Genitiue caſe plurall* (*William*?)

Will. Genitiue caſe?

Euan. I.

Will. Genitiue horum, harum, horum.

Qui. Vengeance of Ginyes caſe; fie on her; neuer name her

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her (childe) if ſhe be a whore.

Euan. For ſhame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the childe ſuch words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

Euan. O'man, art thou Lunaties? Haſt thou no vnderſtandings for thy Caſes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

M. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Euan. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Euans. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Page. He is a better ſcholler then I thought hee was.

Euans. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page*.

Miſ. Page. Adeu good Sir *Hugh*.
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, M. Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans Shallow.

Fal. *Miſ. Ford*, Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance; *I* ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Miſtris *Ford*, in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the accuſtrement complement, and ceremony of it: But are you ſure of your husband now?

M. Ford. Hee's a birding (ſweet Sir *Iohn.*)

Miſ. Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*; what hoa.

Miſ. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn.*

Miſ. Page. How now (ſweet heart) whoſe at home beſides

beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Miſ. Page. Indeed?

Miſ. Frod. No certainly; Speake louder.

Miſ. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you haue no body here.

Miſt. Ford. Why?

Miſ. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe; he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo railes againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion ſoeuer; and ſo buffettes himſelfe on the for-head; crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneſſe I euer yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, ciuility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Miſ. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miſ. Page. Of none but him, and ſweares hee was caried out the laſt time hee ſearch'd for him, in a Basket; Proteſts to my husband he is now heere, and hath drawne him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now hee ſhall ſee his owne foolerie.

Miſ. Ford. How neere is he Miſtrs *Page*?

Miſt. Page. Hard by, at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

Miſt. Ford. *I* am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Miſt. Page. Why then you are vtterly ſham'd, and hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him; Better ſhame, then murther.

Miſt. Ford. Which way ſhould he goe? How ſhould *I* beſtow him? Shall *I* put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not goe out ere he come?

Miſt. Page. Alas: three of Maſter *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal.

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Fal. What ſhall I doe? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſ.Ford. There they alwayes vſe to diſcharge their Bir. ding-peece: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſ.Ford: Hee will ſeeke there on my word; Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but hee hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note; There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile goe out then:

Miſt.Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſ.Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſ.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no woman gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he Might put on a hat, a muffler, and kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, diuiſe ſomething; any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſ.Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford* has a gowne aboue.

Miſ.Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too. run vp Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ.Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſ.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſ.Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; hee ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſ.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell; and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſ.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſ.Page. I in good ſadneſſe is hee, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſ.

Miſ.Ford. Wee'l try that: for ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did laſt time.

Miſt.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently: I'le goe dreſſe him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Miſt.Ford. Ile firſt direct my men, what they ſhall doe with the basket: Goe vp, ile bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhonſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe enough:
We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doe,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not acte that often, ieſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſt.Ford. Go Sirs, take the bas basket againe on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if he bid you ſet it downe, obey him; quickly, diſpatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare ſo much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Maſter *Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole mee againe. Set downe the basket villaine: ſome body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conſpiracie againſt mee. Now ſhall the diuel be ſham'd. What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes Maſter *Ford*, you are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shal. Indeed Maſter *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature that hath the iealous foole to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

Miſt

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Miſt.Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you do,if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazen-face,hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt.Ford. Are you not aſham'd,let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Euan. 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come,away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

Miſ.Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man,there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure hee is; my Intelligence is true,my iealouſie is reaſonable,plucke mee out all the linnen.

Miſt.Ford. If you find a man there, hee ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Maſter *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſies.

Ford. Well,hee's not heere I ſeeke for,

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity; Let me for euer be your Table-ſport; Let them ſay of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more,once more ſerch with me.

Miſt.Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe; my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes of errands, do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, wee doe not know what's brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fortune telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I ſay.

Miſ.Ford. Nay,good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Miſ.Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Hagge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion,out,out: Ile coniure you,ile fortune-tell you.

Miſ.Page. Are you not aſham'd? I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miſ.Ford. Nay hee will do it, 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Euan. By yea, and no,I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'mans has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow; ſee but the iſſue of my iealouſie. If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further; Come Gentlemen.

Miſ.Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pittifully.

Miſ.Ford. Nay by th'Maſſe that he did not; he beate him moſt vnpittifully,me thought.

Miſ.Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

Miſ.Ford. What thinke you? May wee with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further reuenge?

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Miſt. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-ſimple, with find & recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waſte, attempt vs againe.

Miſt. Ford. Shall wee tell our husbands how wee haue ſeru'd him?

Miſt. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, wee two will bee ſtill the miniſters.

Miſt. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to ieſt, ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

Miſt. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane deſires to haue three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let me ſpeake with the Gentlemen, they ſpeake Engliſh?

Bar. I Sir, Ile call him to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall haue my horſes, but Ile make them pay: Ile ſauce them, they haue had my houſes a weeke at command. I haue turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them, come.

Exeunt.

Scœna

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris. Page, Miſtris Ford, and Euans.

Euan. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'mans as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſt. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth doe what thou wilt: I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor ſtand
(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

Euans. You ſay he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and has bin greeuouſly peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there ſhould be terror in him, that hee ſhould not come: Me-thinkes his fleſh is puniſh'd, hee ſhall haue no deſires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford Deuiſe but how you'l vſe him when he comes,
And let vs two deuiſe to bring him thither.

Miſ. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (ſometime a keeper heere in Windſor Forreſt)
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,

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Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and ſhakes a chaine
In a moſt hideous and dredfull manner.
You haue heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?
Miſt. Ford. Marry this is our deuiſe,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oake ſhall meete with vs:
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape, when you haue brought him thether,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your plot?
Miſ. Page. That likewiſe haue we thoght vpon and thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little ſonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dreſſe
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads
And rattles in their hands; vpon a ſodaine,
As *Falſtaffe*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: Vpon their ſight
We two, in great amazedneſſe will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their ſo ſacred pathes, he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him, ſound,
And burne him with their Tapers.
Miſ. Page. The truth being knowne:
We'll all preſent our ſelues; diſ-horne the ſpirit,

And mocke him home to Windſor.
Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't.
Euan. I will teach the children their behauiours & I will:
be like a Iacke-an-Apes alſo, to burne the Knight with my
Taber.
Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.
Miſ. Page. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queene of all the Fairies,
finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That ſilke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. *Slender* ſteale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, ſend to *Falſtaffe* ſtraight.
Ford. Nay. Ile to him againe in the name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpoſe: ſure hee'l come.
Miſt. Page. Feare not you that; Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.
Euans. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaueries.
Miſ. Page. Go *Miſ. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde;
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*;
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot,
And he, my husband beſt of all affects;
The Doctor is well monied, and friends
Potent at Court; he, none but he ſhall haue her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to craue her.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Hoſt, Simple, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick
skin) ſpeake, breathe, diſcuſſe; breefe, ſhort, quicke, nap.

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Simp. Marry Sir, I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from Maſter *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle his ſtanding bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: goe, knocke and call: hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee; Knocke I ſay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber; ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come downe I come to ſpeake with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd; Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*; ſpeake from thy Lungs Military; Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian cals.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman. Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend; my Chambers are honourable; Fie, priuacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wiſe-woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter (Sir) my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Hoſt. I; come, quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſter fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Simple May I be bold to ſay ſo Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Simp. I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tydings.

Hoſt. Thou are clearkly; thou art clearkly (Sir *Iohn*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw mee off, from behinde one of them, in a ſlough of myre; and ſet ſpurres, and away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three *Doctor Fauſtaffes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

Euans. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozened all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*,

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of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not conuenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Iarteere*?

Hoſt. Here (Maſter *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*: by my trot; der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come; I tell you for good will; adieu.

Hoſt. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: aſſiſt me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.

Fal. I would all the world might bee cozond, for I haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene waſh'd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens-boots with mee: I warrant they would whip mee with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-falne as a dride-peare I neur proſper'd ſince I forſwore my ſelfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent; Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall bee both beſtowed; I haue ſuffer'd more for their ſakes; more then the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant; ſpecioufly one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my ſelfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow

bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd mee, the knaue Conſtable had ſet me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qui. Sir: let me ſpeake with you in your Chamber, you ſhall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ſerue heauen well, that you are ſo croſſ'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to me, my minde is heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me ſpeake; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſſe.

Hoſt. I will heare you (Maſter *Fenton*) and *I* will (at the leaſt) keepe your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her ſelfe might be her chooſer)
Euen to my wiſh; I haue a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither (ſingly) can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat *Falſtaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the ieſt.
Ile ſhow you here at large (harke good mine *Hoſt*;)
To night at *Hernes-Oke*, iuſt 'twixt twelue and one,

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Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the *Fairie Queene*;
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
While other Jeſts are ſomething ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry; She hath conſented. Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Prieſt* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She (ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the *Doctor*; Now, thus it reſts,
Her Father meanes ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe.
She ſhall go with him; her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the *Doctor*;
For they muſt all be maſk'd, and vizarded)
That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe en-roab'd,
With Ribonds pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which meanes ſhe to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me:
And heere it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, ile make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falſtaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prattling; goe, ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they ſay there is Diuinity in odde Numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I ſay, time weares, hold vp your head and mince. How now Maſter *Broome*? Maſter *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer: Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broome*) as you ſee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Maſter *Broome*) like a poore-old woman; that ſame knaue (*Ford* her husband) hath the fineſt mad diuell of icalouſie in him (Maſter *Broome*) that euer gouern'd Frenſie. *I* will tell you, he beate me greeuouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (for in the ſhape of Man (Maſter *Broome*) *I* feare not Goliah with a Weauers beame, becauſe *I* know alſo, life is a Shuttle) *I* am in haſt, go along with mee, ile tell you all (Maſter *Broome*:) ſince *I* pluckt Geeſe, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, *I* knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me, ile tell you ſtrange things of this knaue *Ford*, on whom to night *I* will be reuenged, and *I* will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, ſtrange things in hand (Maſter *Broome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

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Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till wee ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſonne *Slender*, my

Slen. I forſoothe, I haue ſpoke with her, and wee haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke. Light and Spirits will become it well: Heauen proſper our ſport. No man meanes euill but the deuill, and we ſhall know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Miſ. Page, Miſ. Ford, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Maſter Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly; goe before into the Parke; we two muſt goe together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Miſt. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter; But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Miſ. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troope of Fairies?

ries? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Miſt. Page. They are couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Miſ. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſ. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Miſ. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Miſt. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery.

Mi. Ford. The houre drawes-on; to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies; Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The Windſor-bell hath ſtroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods aſſiſt mee; Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue ſet on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſome other, a Man a beaſt. You were alſo (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O omnipotent Loue, how neere the God drew to the complexion

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plexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a beaſt, (O Ioue, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what ſhall poore men doe? For me, I am heere a Windſor Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame mee to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes; let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kiſſing Comfit, and ſnow Eringoes; Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter mee heere.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet heart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husband. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noiſe?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M. Ford, M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd, Leſt the oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white, You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night. You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny, Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elues, liſt your names: Silence you aiery toyes. Cricket, to Windſore-chimnies ſhalt thou leape; Where fires thou find'ſt vnrak'd, and hearths vnſwept, There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry, Our radiant Queene, hates Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die, Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes muſt eie.

Euan. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you finde a maid That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid, Raiſe vp the Organs of her fantaſie, Sleepe ſhe as ſound as careleſſe infancie, But thoſe as ſleepe, and thinke not on their ſins, Pinch them armes, legs, backes, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.

Qu. About, about:
Search Windſor Caſtle (Elues) within, and out:
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery ſacred roome,
That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome,
In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeuerall Chaires of Order, looke you ſcowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flower,
Each faire Inſtalment, Coate, and ſeu'rall Creſt,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleſt.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you ſing
Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe, in a ring,
Th'expreſſure that it beares: Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-freſh then all the Field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vſe Flowres for their characterie:
Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Cuſtome, round about the Oke
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget.

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Eu. Pray you locke hand in hand: your ſelues in order ſet.
And twenty glo-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welſh Fairy,
Leſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.
Piſtoll. Vilde worme, thou waſt ore-look'd euen in thy birth.
Qui. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend,
And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.
Piſt. A triall, come.
Euan. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire.
About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull rime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinnefull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie.
Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutuall: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moone-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay doe not flye, I thinke wee haue watcht you now; Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerue your turne?
M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the ieſt no higher.
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* wiues?
See you theſe husband? Do not theſe faire yoakes
Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

Maſter

Maſter *Broome*, *Falſtaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckoldy knaue,
Heere are his hornes Maſter *Broome*;
And Maſter *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to Maſter *Broome*, his horſes are arreſted for it, Maſter *Broome*.
M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*, wee haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.
Fal. I doe begin to perceiue that I am made an Aſſe.
Ford. I, and an Oxe too; both the proofes are extant.
Fal. And theſe are not Fairies;
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſſe of my minde, the ſodaine ſurprize of my powers, droue the groſſeneſſe of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may bee made a Iacke a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.
Euans. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, ſerue Got, and leaue your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.
Ford. Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh*.
Euans. And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you.
Ford. I will neuer miſtruſt my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.
Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent ſo groſſe ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shall I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toaſted Cheeſe.
Euan. Seeſe is not good to giue putter; your belly is all putter.
Fal. Seeſe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to ſtand at the taunt of one, that makes Fritters of Engliſh? This is e-

 nough

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nough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſ. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, doe you thinke though wee would haue thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and haue giuen our ſelues without ſcruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Miſ. Page. A puſt man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is ſlanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and ſwearings, and ſtarings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the ſtart of me, I am deiected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it ſelfe is plummet ore me, vſe mee as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windſor to one Maſter *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, where *I* will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Maſter *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſ. Ford. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*,

Page. Sonne? How now Sonne.
Haue you diſpatch'd?

Slen.

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make the beſt in Gloſterſhire know on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtris *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not beene ith' Church, I would haue ſwing'd him, or hee ſhould haue ſwing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer ſtirre, and 'tis a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What needs you tell me that? I thinke ſo, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had beene maried to him, for all hee was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and ſhe cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters boy.

M. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpoſe: turn'd my daughter in white, and indeede ſhee is now with the Doctor at the Denerie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garſoon, a boy; oon peſant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, *I* am cozened.

Miſ. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. *I* bee gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar *I*le raiſe all Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart miſgiues me, here comes Maſter *Fenton*.
How now Maſter *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Miſtris;
How chance you went not with Maſter *Slender*?

M. Page.

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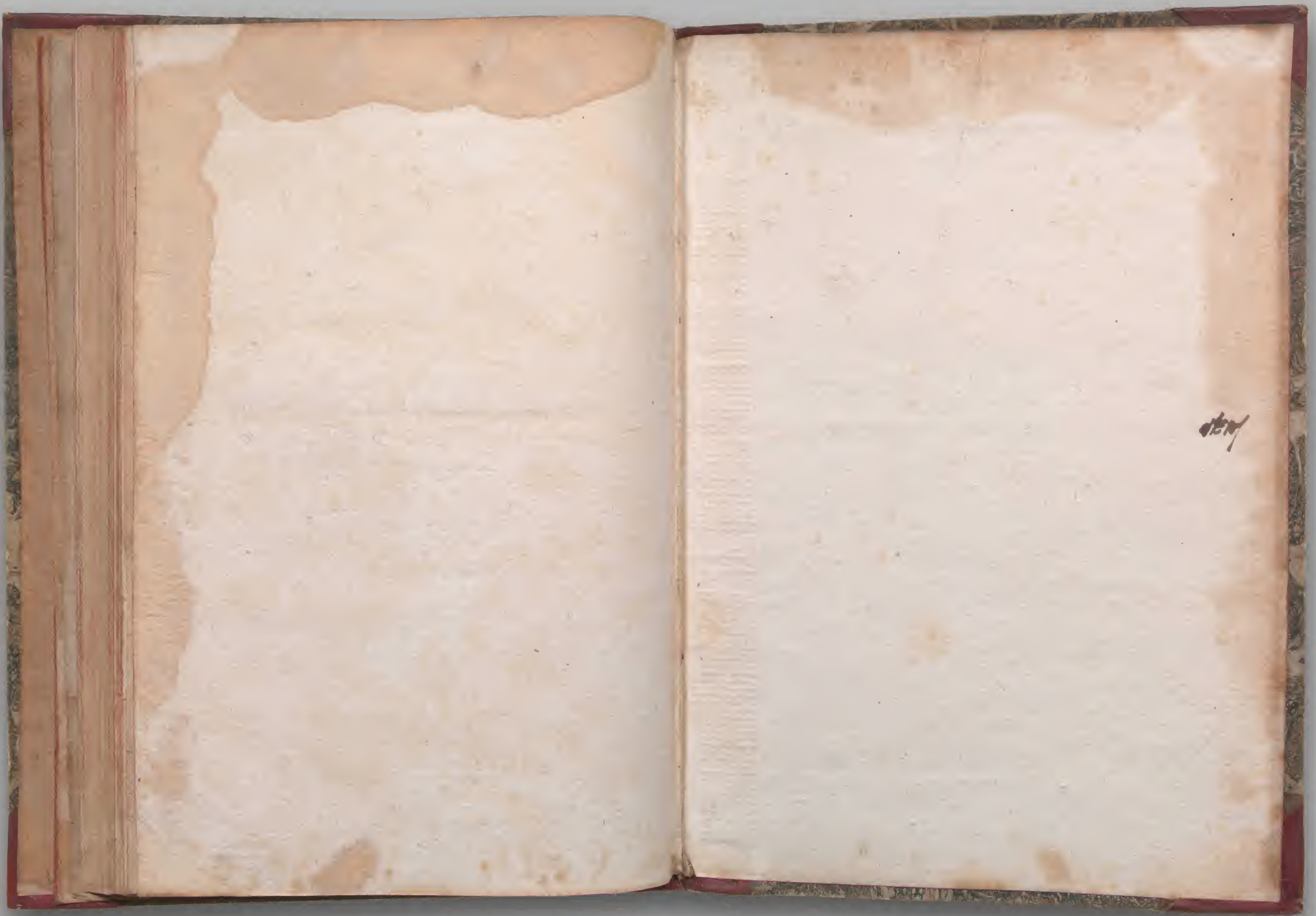
Miſ.Page. Why went you not with Maſter Doctor, maid?
Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it.
You would haue married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted)
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolue vs;
Th'offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit looſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or vndutteous title,
Since therein ſhe doth euitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.
Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themſelues do guide the ſtate,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are ſold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.
Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.
Fal. When night-dogges run, all ſorts of Deere are chac'd.
Miſ.Page. Well, I will muſe no further: Maſter *Fenton*, Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this ſport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir *Iohn* and all.
Ford. Let it be ſo (Sir *Iohn*:)
To Maſter *Broome*, you yet ſhall hold your word,
For he, to night, ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*

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